

# Cap'n Warren's Wards



by JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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## CAROLINE AND STEPHEN BREAK OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE CAPTAIN.

**Synopsis.**—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his friends and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm. The captain decided to accept his brother's trust. Sylvester is pleased, but Graves expresses disgust and dismay. Pearson calls and is surprised, for he had known the young Warrens and their father. Caroline asks the captain's aid for a servant whose father was hurt by an auto. The captain finds that Malcolm Dunn had caused the injury, and makes him help in paying the sufferer's expenses until his death. Pearson tells the captain of a difference he had with Rogers Warren because he refused to help the latter in a shady transaction. The captain plans a birthday celebration for Caroline, but the latter, who with Steve had been spending the day with Dunns, fails to return for dinner.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

At last the bell rang. Captain Elisha sprang up, smiling, his impatience and worry forgotten, and, pushing the butler aside, hurried to open the door himself. He did so, and faced not his niece and nephew, but Pearson.

"Good evening, captain," hailed the young man cheerily. "Didn't expect me, did you? I dropped in for a moment to shake hands with you and to offer congratulations to Miss Warren."

Then, noticing the expression on his friend's face, he added: "What's the matter? Anything wrong? Am I intruding?"

"No, no! Course not. You're as welcome as another egg in a poor man's henhouse. Come right in and take off your things. I'm glad to see you. Only—well, the fact is I thought 'twas Caroline comin' home. She and Steve was to be here over two hours ago, and I can't imagine what's keepin' 'em."

He insisted upon his visitor's remaining, although the latter, when he understood the situation, was reluctant to do so.

But a good many minutes passed, and still they did not come. Pearson, aware of his companion's growing anxiety, chatted of the novel, of the people at the boarding house, of anything and everything he could think of likely to divert attention from the one important topic. The answers he received were more and more brief and absent. At last, when Edwards again appeared, appealingly mute, at the entrance to the dining room Captain Elisha, with a sigh which was almost a groan, surrendered.

"I guess," he said reluctantly—"I guess, Jim, there ain't any use waitin' any longer. Somethin' kept 'em, and they don't be here for dinner. You and I'll set down and eat—though I ain't got the appetite I cal'lated to have."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### "Caroline, I Want You."

PEARSON had dined hours before, but he followed his friend, resolved to please the latter by going through the form of pretending to eat.

They sat down together. Captain Elisha, with a rueful smile, pointed to the floral centerpiece.

"We won't touch the birthday cake, Jim," he added a little later. "She's got to eat that herself."

The soup was only lukewarm, but neither of them commented on the fact. The captain had scarcely tasted of his when he paused, his spoon in air.

"Hey?" he exclaimed. "Listen! What's that? By the everlastin', it is. Here they are at last!"

He sprang up with such enthusiasm that his chair tipped backward against the butler's devoted shins. Pearson, almost as much pleased, also rose.

Captain Elisha paid scant attention to the chair incident.

"What are you waitin' for?" he demanded, whirling on Edwards, who was fighting the chair with one hand and rubbing his knee with the other. "Don't you hear 'em at the door? Let 'em in!"

He reached the library first, his friend following more leisurely. Caroline and Stephen had just entered.

"Well," he cried in his quavered voice, his face beaming with relief and delight, "you are here, ain't you! I begun to think— Why, what's the matter?"

The question was addressed to Stephen, who stood nearest to him. The boy did not deign to reply. With a contemptuous grunt he turned scornfully away from his guardian.

"What is it, Caroline?" demanded Captain Elisha. "Has anything happened?"

The girl looked coldly at him. A new brooch—Mrs. Corcoran Dunn's birthday gift—sparkled at her throat.

"No accident has happened, if that is what you mean," she said.

"But—why, yes, that was what I meant. You was so awful late, and you know you said you'd be home for dinner, so—"

"I changed my mind. Come, Steve," she turned to leave the room. Pearson at that moment entered it. Stephen saw him first.

"What?" he cried. "Well, of all the nerve! Look, Caro!"

"Jim—Mr. Pearson I mean—ran in a few minutes ago," explained Captain Elisha, bewildered and stammering. "He thought, of course, we'd had dinner—and—and—he just wanted to wish you many happy returns, Caroline."

Pearson had extended his hand, and a "Good evening" was on his lips. Stephen's strange behavior and language caused him to halt. He flushed, awkward, surprised, indignant.

Caroline turned and saw him. She started, and her cheeks also grew crimson. Then, recovering, she looked him full in the face and deliberately and disdainfully turned her back.

"Come, Steve," she said again, and walked from the room.

Her brother hesitated, glared at Pearson and then stalked haughtily after her.

Captain Elisha's bewilderment was supreme. He stared open mouthed after his nephew and niece and then turned slowly to his friend.

"What on earth, Jim?" he stammered. "What's it mean?"

Pearson shrugged his shoulders. "I think I know what it means," he said. "I presume that Miss Warren and her brother have learned of my trouble with their father."

"Hey? No, you don't think that's it?"

"I think there's no doubt of it."

"But how?"

"I don't know how. What I do know is that I should not have come here. I felt it and, if you will remember, I said so. I was a fool. Good night, captain."

Hot and furiously angry at his own indecision which had placed him in this humiliating situation, he was striding toward the hall. Captain Elisha seized his arm.

"Stay where you are, Jim!" he commanded. "If the trouble's what you think it is I'm more to blame than anybody else, and you shan't leave this house till I've done my best to square you."

"Thank you, but I don't wish to be 'squared.' I've done nothing to be ashamed of, and I have borne as many insults as I can stand. I'm going."

"No, you ain't. Not yet. I want you to stay."

At that moment Stephen's voice reached them from the adjoining room. "I tell you I shall, Caro!" he proclaimed fiercely. "Do you suppose I'm going to permit that fellow to come here again—or to go until he is made to understand what we think of him and why? No, by gad! I'm the man of this family, and I'll tell him a few things."

Pearson's jaw set grimly.

"You may let go of my wrist, Captain Warren," he said. "I'll stay."

Possibly Stephen's intense desire to prove his manliness made him self-conscious. At any rate, he never appeared more ridiculously boyish than when, an instant later, he marched into the library and confronted his uncle and Pearson.

"I—I want to say"—he began majestically. "I want to say"—

He paused, choking, and brandished his fist.

"I want to say"—he began again. "All right, Steve," interrupted the captain dryly, "then I'd say it if I was you. I guess it's time you did."

"I want to—to tell that fellow there," with a vicious stab of his forefinger in the direction of Pearson, "that I con-

sider him an—an ingrate—and a scoundrel—and a miserable!"

"Steady!" Captain Elisha's interruption was sharp this time. "Steady now! Leave out the pet names. What is it you've got to tell?"

"I—my sister and I have found out what a scoundrel he is, that's what! We have learned of the lies he wrote about father. We know that he was responsible for all that cowardly, lying stuff in the Planet—all that about the trolley combine. And we don't intend that he shall sneak into this house again. If he was the least part of a man he would never have come."

"Mr. Warren"—began Pearson, stepping forward. The captain interrupted. "Hold on, Jim!" he said. "Just a minute now. You've learned somethin', you say, Steve. The Dunns told you, I s'pose."

"Never mind who told me."

"I don't—much. But I guess we'd better have a clear understanding, all of us. Caroline, will you come in here, please?"

He stepped toward the door. Stephen sprang in front of him.

"My sister doesn't intend to cheapen herself by entering that man's presence," he declared hotly. "I'll deal with him myself."

"All right. But I guess she'd better be here just the same. Caroline, I want you."

"She shan't come."

"Yes; she shall, Caroline!"

The boy would have detained him, but he pushed him firmly aside and walked toward the door. Before he reached it, however, his niece appeared.

"Well," she said coldly, "what is it you want of me?"

"I want you to hear Mr. Pearson's side of this business—and mine before you do anything you'll be sorry for."

"I think I've heard quite enough of Mr. Pearson already. Nothing he can say or do will make me more sorry than I am or humiliate me more than the fact that I have treated him as a friend."

The icy contempt in her tone was cutting. Pearson's face was white, but he spoke clearly and with deliberation.

"Miss Warren," he said, "I must insist that you listen for another moment. I owe you an apology for—"

"Apology!" broke in Stephen, with a scornful laugh. "Apology! Well, by gad, just hear that, Caro!"

The girl's lip curled. "I do not wish to hear your apology," she said.

"But I wish you to hear it not for my attitude in the trolley matter nor for what I published in the Planet nor



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for my part in the disagreement with your father. I wrote the truth and nothing more. I considered it right then—I told your father so—and I have not changed my mind. I should act exactly the same under similar circumstances."

"You blackguard!" shouted Stephen. Pearson ignored him utterly.

"I do owe you an apology," he continued. "For coming here as I have done knowing that you were ignorant of the affair. I believe now that you are misinformed as to the facts, but that is immaterial. You should have been told of my trouble with Mr. Warren. I should have insisted upon it. That I did not do so is my fault, and I apologize, but for that only. Good evening."

He shook himself free from the captain's grasp, bowed to the trio and left the room. An instant later the outer door closed behind him.

Caroline turned to her brother. "Come, Steve," she said.

"Stay right where you are!" Captain Elisha did not request now, he commanded. "Steve, stand still. Caroline, I want to talk to you."

The girl hesitated. She had never been spoken to in that tone before. Her pride had been already deeply wounded by what she had learned that afternoon; she was fiercely resentful, angry and rebellious. She was sure she never hated any one as she did this man who ordered her to stay and listen to him. But—she stayed.

"Caroline," said Captain Elisha, after a moment of silence. "I presume likely—of course I don't know for certain, but I presume likely it's Mrs. Dunn and that son of hers who've told you what you think you know."

"It doesn't concern you who told us!" blustered Stephen, pushing forward. He might have been a fly buzzing on the wall for all the attention his uncle paid to him.

"I presume likely the Dunns told you, Caroline," he repeated calmly. His niece met his gaze stubbornly.

"Well," she answered, "and if they did? Wasn't it necessary we should know it? Oh!—with a shudder of disgust—"I wish I could make you understand how ashamed I feel—how wicked and ashamed I feel that I—I should have disgraced my father's memory by—Oh, but there! I can't! Yes; Mrs.

Dunn and Malcolm did tell us—many things. Thank God that we have friends to tell us the truth!"

"Ames!" quietly. "I'll say amen to that, Caroline, any time. Only I want you to be sure those you call friends are real ones and that the truths they tell ain't like a bait on a fishhook, put on for bait and just thick enough to cover the barb."

"Do you mean to insinuate"—screamed the irrepressible nephew, wild at being so completely ignored. His uncle again paid not the slightest attention.

"But that ain't neither here nor there now," he went on. "Caroline, Mr. Pearson just told you that his coming to this house without tellin' you first of his quarrel with Bije was his fault. That ain't so. The fault was mine altogether. He told me the whole story; told me that he hadn't called since it happened on that very account. And I took the whole responsibility and asked him to come. I did! Do you know why?"

If he expected an answer none was given. Caroline's lids dropped disdainfully. "Steve," she said, "let's go."

"Stop! You'll stay here until I finish. I want to say that I didn't tell you about the trolley fuss because I wanted you to learn some things for yourself. I wanted you to know Mr. Pearson—to find out what sort of man he was afore you judged him. Then, when you had known him long enough to understand he wasn't a liar and a blackguard, and all that Steve has cal'lated him, I was goin' to tell you the whole truth, not a part of it. And, after that, I was goin' to let you decide for yourself what to do. I'm a lot older than you are. I've mixed with all sorts of folks. I'm past the stage where I can be fooled—by false hair or soft soap. You can't pour sweet oil over a herring and make me believe it's a sardine. I know the Pearson stock. I've sailed over a heap of salt water with one of the family. And I've kept my eyes open since I've run across this particular member. And I knew your father, too, Caroline Warren. And I say to you now that, knowin' Jim Pearson and Bije Warren—yes, and knowin' the rights and wrongs of that trolley business quite as well as Malcolm Dunn or anybody else—I say to you that, although Bije was my brother, I'll bet my life that Jim had all the right on his side. There! That's the truth, and no hook underneath it. And some day you'll realize it too."

He had spoken with great vehemence. Now he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. When he again looked at his niece he found her staring intently at him, and her eyes blazing.

"Have you quite finished—now?" she demanded. "Steve, be quiet!"

"Why, yes; I guess so, pretty high. I s'pose there ain't much use to say more. If I was to tell you that I've tried to do for you and Steve in this—same as in everything else since I took this job—as if you were my own children you wouldn't believe it. If I was to tell you, Caroline, that I'd come to think an awful lot of you you wouldn't believe that either. I did hope that since our other misunderstanding was cleared up and you found I wasn't what you thought I was you'd come to me and ask questions afore passin' judgment, but perhaps—"

And now she interrupted, bursting out at him in a blast of scorn which took his breath away.

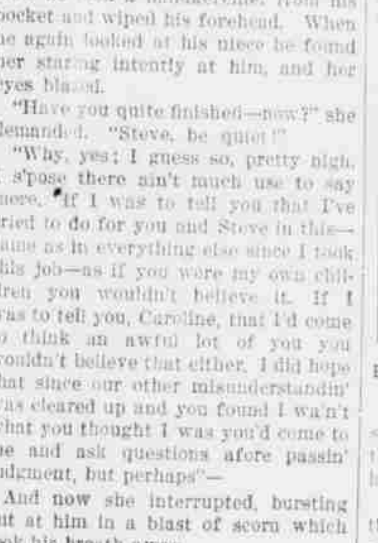
"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried. "Don't say any more. You have insulted father's memory and defended the man who slandered him. Isn't that enough? Why must you go on to prove yourself a greater hypocrite? We learned, my brother and I, today more than the truth concerning your friend. We learned that you have lied—yes, lied—and—"

"Steady, Caroline! Be careful. I wouldn't say what I might be sorry for later."

"Sorry, Captain Warren. You spoke of my misjudging you. I thought I had, and I was sorry. Today I learned that your attitude in that affair was a lie like the rest. You did not pay Mr. Moriarty's accident. Mr. Dunn's money paid those bills. And you allowed the family—and me—to thank you for your generosity. Oh, I'm ashamed to be near you!"

"There, there! Caroline, be still. I—I shall not be still. I have been still altogether too long. You are our guardian. We can't help that. I suppose. Father asked you to be that for some reason, but did he ask you to live here, where you are not wanted, to shame us before our friends, ladies and gentlemen so far above you in every way, and to try to poison our minds against them and sneer at them when they are kind to us and even try to be kind to you? No, he did not. Oh, I'm sick of it all—your deceit and your hypocritical speeches and your pretended love for us! Love! Oh, if I could say something that would make you understand how thoroughly we despise you and how your presence, ever since you forced it upon Steve and me, has disgraced us! If I only could! I—I—"

She had been near to tears ever since Mrs. Corcoran Dunn, in the kindness of her heart, told her the "truth" that afternoon. But pride and indignation had prevented her giving way. Now, however, she broke down.



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The captain leaves the Warrens' apartment, but refuses to give up the guardianship which has caused him so much trouble. Watch for the developments in the next installment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Be good and you'll be daffy.

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### LOSS DUE TO CARELESSNESS

Conflagrations Might Be Greatly Reduced by Preventive Measures That Are Adopted in Time.

The report of the fire inspection department of Massachusetts will probably be of interest. The total number of fires in dwellings reported was 3,505. The careless use of matches heads the list of causes by children playing with matches came a close second with 532. There were 324 fires started from unknown causes, and 223 from lightning from lamps or stoves. Overheated stoves and cooking apparatus caused 231 fires, and careless smoking started 315.

Defective chimneys were the cause of 207 blazes, and sparks from the same source started 214. Spontaneous combustion was given as the reason for 155 alarms, and the placing of hot ashes in wooden receptacles caused 123. Among the other causes mentioned by the department in its report were: defective heating apparatus 40; electrical causes 35; explosion of lamp, lantern or stove 62; gas jet igniting other material 80; and incendiary 71. Scores of other causes of fire are enumerated, among which 83 are credited to rats and matches.

A little care on the part of the owner or tenant would do a great deal toward eliminating a number of these causes of conflagrations and prevent a large proportion of the fire losses that are suffered annually. Look over the various reasons given for the fires and adapt them to your own home. This is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of the proverbial cure.

### BOX SERVES DOUBLE PURPOSE

Protects Exposed Roots of Trees and Adds Greatly to the Appearance of the Street.

When Marjorie Wheeler in Pasadena, Cal., was arrested recently, the grading incidental to the paving of a lot of fine old pepper trees with some of their roots "black and dry" in sight, the exposure of the roots was



Box safeguards tree and enhances the beauty of the street.

so great that the city engineer feared that the trees might be killed or their health seriously impaired. Accordingly, to insure the safety of the trees, concrete boxes were built round the trunks and were then filled with rich earth. Plants with beautiful foliage were afterward set in the boxes.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Proper Planting of Shade Trees.

The beauty of a shade tree depends upon its normal and symmetrical growth. In order to insure this, before planting cut off the ends of all broken or mutilated roots; remove all side branches above overhanging, so that a straight whiplike stalk remains. Dig holes at least two feet in diameter and one foot deep in good soil, and make them four feet across in poor soil. The sides of holes should be perpendicular and the bottom flat. Break up soil in the bottom of the hole to the depth of the length of a spade blade. Place two or three inches of fine top soil, free from weeds or other decomposing organic matter in the bottom of the hole. On top of this place the roots of the tree, spread them as widely as possible over the bottom of the hole, and cover with two or three inches of fine top soil as before. Tamp firmly with the foot and fill the hole with good earth, leaving the surface loose and a little higher than the surface of the surrounding soil. When the work of planting is completed, the tree should stand about two inches deeper than it stood in the nursery.

### Well Called "Salt City."

Syracuse, N. Y., is called the "Salt City," because of its large deposits. Much salt is obtained from veins called "solar vents," since the salt solution is spread out in them for the sun's rays which thoroughly evaporate the water. Part of the Syracuse deposits are under Onondaga lake in the form of a great basin of salt water, separated from the fresh water above an impervious layer of clay. By boring through this the saline water is pumped up in great quantities. Another method of evaporation employed is by boiling. If heated down rapidly a fine table salt is made; if more slowly, coarse salt, as large crystals have time to form.

### Averages.

"Things average up in the long run," said the philosopher.

"Yes," replied the busy man; "it is going to take a great many thousands days to make up for these workless days."

## A CHILD GETS SICK CROSS, FEVERISH IF CONSTIPATED

LOOK AT TONGUE! THEN GIVE FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS" CAN'T HARM CHILDREN AND THEY LOVE IT.



Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and feverish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, bristly hair, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or get naturally has stomachic, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's use; give a (conspicuous) and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "Fruit Laxative" and it never fails to effect a good "regular" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your house. A little given today keeps a sick child tomorrow, but not the reverse. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs" and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company"—A.C.E.

### Subtle Reasoning.

At Middle Temple in London a fund for "preserving crime against" and the other end of a long rope, the family name of a J. & L. Long has the name of a famous London hotel.

The crime against "preservation" what was just before a crime against "preservation"?

## RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR THE KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have matched with pure, efficient and remarkable medicine by Dr. K. H. B. & Co. for the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder to do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists in its pure and unadulterated form. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—A.C.E.

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There is no lower the chemical used of freckles and spots. Freckles are the result of an accumulation of pigment in the skin. Freckles are the result of an accumulation of pigment in the skin. Freckles are the result of an accumulation of pigment in the skin.

Simply get an ounce of Cuticura Soap and apply it to the face and neck. Cuticura Soap is a powerful skin cleanser and will remove freckles and spots. Cuticura Soap is a powerful skin cleanser and will remove freckles and spots.

Be sure to get Cuticura Soap and apply it to the face and neck. Cuticura Soap is a powerful skin cleanser and will remove freckles and spots. Cuticura Soap is a powerful skin cleanser and will remove freckles and spots.

For cleansing and beautifying the skin, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford the most effective preparations. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50c.—A.C.E.

### Downward Growth.

"Tomatoes—Why not eat them? They are good for you." So said the famous man.

### When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Marine Eye Remedy. It is a powerful eye medicine and will cure all eye troubles. Marine Eye Remedy is a powerful eye medicine and will cure all eye troubles.